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Chapter 1: Feather

(Canada POV)

I woke up in my small, cozy apartment. Today, I am getting on a flight to head to New York for the UN meeting. I got up and went to my closet. I grabbed a black shirt and a light plaid jacket and some dark jeans. I walked to my kitchen and grabbed a granola bar and put on my shoes. I walked outside and went to the main lobby.

(Time skip to the airport)

I thanked my driver and headed to the airport. I quickly got through security and made it to the boarding area. I looked around before my eyes landed on a couple. The man had on a fancy suit and wore a tophat. The lady wore a loose fit dress and a scarf.

"Mom, dad!" I smiled and the couple looks at me and waves me over

"Bonjour, mon cher (My dear). How was the drive?" My mom France asked.

"It was good," I said and sat down next to them. Then it was time for boarding and we got on the plane

(Time skip to New York because I'm lazy)

I met up with France and Britain after the flight and we walked together to try and find America.

"Mom, Dad, Canada!" I heard a loud voice behind me and then I was given a hug. He pulled away and his smile went from ear to ear. America's stripes seem to glow in the airport's light. He gave mom a kiss on both cheeks and gave a handshake to dad. He told us that we were the first to arrive and that he'd show us the hotel then he'd have to leave to get the others. We got in his car and started to drive. The car ride was borning and we had the usual chat of 'how we were doing' and 'how was the flight'.

"Were here," America announced. We got out of the car and grabbed our things from his trunk. The hotel was large and fancy. Its white brick walls were clean and almost glowed in the light. We went inside and I put my bags down to let my arms rest. America handed dad and me a key.

"Mom, dad. you guys will be sharing a room and Canada you'll be sharing with another country, which I don't know who yet." He smiled and told us he needed to leave now. We waved him goodbye and mom and dad left for their room. I went to pick up my bag and looked at the floor. There on the floor, was a long brown and black feather. I was confused and picked it up. It felt too soft and too clean to be a bird's feather which meant it was a country, but which country had brown wings? I put it in my pocket and went up to my room. The room was freshly done and had a large window with golden frames filling the back wall. I put my bags down and pulled out my phone. I laid down on my bed and went to text someone.

(C: Canada, U: Ukraine)

C: Hey Ukraine, do you know any countries with brown wings?

U: Brown wings? I don't know...let me look it up

U: No, no country has brown wings. Poland has white wings and Kazakhstan has golden. Those are the only ones I know.

C: That's strange

C: I found a brown feather, but it's too clean and too soft to be a bird...

U: That is strange

U: I'm boarding now, show me the feather when I get to New York

C: K

A brown feather. I'll ask America about brown birds in New York when he gets back. I look at the time, 9 AM. I sighed and decided to

take a nap while I wait for the other countries to get back.

Thats the first chapter done! I will have a cover, but I need to draw it

Love, lavender

Chapter 2: Questions

(Canada's POV)

I woke up on the soft white bed and looked at my phone. My curtains were still open and afternoon light flickered through. I looked at the time on my phone, 2 PM. I sighed and got out of bed. I didn't even bother to get under the covers. Before I left my room I grabbed the brown feather that was now sitting on the side of the bed.

I walked into the hallway. I saw nobody else so I walked to the elevator and got in. I pressed the button for the main lobby. The elevator was quiet until it stopped on the second floor. The doors opened and walked in Germany.

"Oh hallo Canada!" Germany smiled and walked in.

"Hi, how was the flight? Did the American airline treat you well?" I smiled and Germany chuckled

"The flight was good and no comment on the airline, I'm not getting in a fight with America." Germany looked down at his phone signaling he didn't want to talk. I chuckled and felt the brown feather in my pocket. I wanted to ask Germany about it, but I felt it would be rude to continue a conversation he ended.

The doors opened and Germany said goodbye to me and walked to where Poland was sitting. I walked out of the elevator and looked around. I spotted my mother France and my father Britain talking to each other. I walked over to them.

"Hey, have you guys seen America?" I asked my mother.

My mother turned to me, "Oh yes, he's over there talking with Japan and the Philippines." I thanked her and walked over to where I saw Philip, Japan, and America. they were sitting together with America and Japan sharing a couch and Philippines getting the

single chair. Philip noticed me and waved me over.

"Hi guys," I smiled as I talked.

"Hey," They all said. Japan went back to talking with Philip and America just watched.

"Hey America, could I steal you for a second?" I asked. America nodded and said goodbye to his friends. We sat near the fireplace where there were two single chairs.

"So what ya need?" America asked relaxing in the chair.

I pulled out the brown feather. "This was next to my bags when I came in, It's too clean to be a bird so I thought it was a countries, but I asked Ukraine and she didn't know any countries with brown feathers," I said. America's relaxing position slowly tensed up as I spoke. He held out his hand and I gave him the feather. He looked at it and brushed it with his hands.

"We have a lot of birds in New York and many of them clean themselves often," America said and handed me back the feather.

"But aren't most birds here gray and black?" I asked. America's position became more worried.

"I have to go see if the UN is ready for our meeting tomorrow," and with that, he left. I was left with my mouth open. I looked down at the feather. I put it back in my pocket and looked around the lobby. Most countries went up to their room to recover from jetlag, but many countries stayed in the lobby and mingled with the other countries they couldn't see often. I noticed Ukraine and her brother Kazakhstan talking near the indoor waterfall. I walked over to them.

"Hey Canada, how's the search going for the brown winged country going?" Ukraine said as she noticed me. I sighed and pulled out the feather and handed it to her.

"I tried asking America about it, but he just said there's a lot of birds here. Then when I asked him about why it was brown and not gray he ran off to go speak to UN," I said. Kazakhstan and Ukraine

looked over the feather. Ukraine pulled out her phone and took a picture.

"I might know somebody who could help, but keep the feather safe. It's also weird that America brushed off your questions, he's usually open about answers or even suggestions." Ukraine handed me back the feather and I put it away.

"He also looked very nervous, like someone was watching." Ukraine and Kazakhstan gave each other looks. They shrugged and I sighed and walked off. *Maybe I could ask UN about it, he is very smart and knows almost everything about every country.*

I'll ask him after the meeting.

New cover for the book! Also, if you want to find me anywhere else, I'm on Instagram: small_sugarcube

Chapter 3: Lunch

(This is more of a filler chapter, but does have some good parts in it)

(Canada's POV)

"Hey, Canada!" I heard my name behind and me and turned around to see New Zealand

"What 'ya need Kiwi?" I smiled and tucked my hands in my pockets.

"America told me to tell you that your hotel mate bailed last minute so you have your hotel room to yourself!" Kiwi smiled.

"Oh, cool!" I smiled and Kiwi walked away to talk to our brother Aussie. I sighed and felt the feather again in my pocket.

"Still upset?" I turned to see Ukraine with one hand on her hip. I nodded.

"I just, don't know what going on. These days were meant to be happy and spending time with family, but instead, my brother is ignoring me and those no answer to this damn feather!" I release my shoulders from their tense position and lay my head low.

"Well, why don't I take your mind off it. How about lunch? I've heard New York has good pizza," Ukraine said and darted her eyes towards the front door and back at me.

"I forgot you've never been to New York, I know where the best pizza is," I said. Ukraine smiled and I started walking to the front door. Ukraine was a slow walker so I grabbed her hand to hurry her up. I only realized what I did when I already did it. My face flustered and I tried my best to hide my red face from Ukraine's view. Ukraine started pulling me towards the door.

"Now look who's a slow walker," Ukraine joked so I started walking normal speed again.

(Time skip to the restaurant)

"Hello Nada, table for...two," The host welcomed me.

"Yup! Ukraine, meet Dave, he's been the host since America showed me this restaurant," I said. Dave waved and got the waiter to show me and Ukraine our table. The waiter welcomed us again and asked for our orders.

"I'll have a cheese pizza, small," Ukraine said and looked over at me.

"I have a pineapple pizza," I say. Ukraine gasps.

"You monster! He will have cheese as well!" Ukraine interrupted me. I laugh out loud and the waiter chuckles.

"America 'wheeze' does the 'wheeze' exact same thing," I said through laughs.

"Well, now America and I agree on one thing: Pineapple doesn't belong on pizza!" Ukraine's face was in a cute pout which left me blushing a little. Our waiter brings us a large pizza, (Rather have one large pizza than two small pizzas) and we grabbed our slices.

"You ready for the meeting tomorrow?" Ukraine asks then bites into her slice.

"honestly, I'm not. I don't want to see my family and friends get in fights and I don't want to have to choose a side," I said and looked at the table.

"Who said you'd have to choose a side?" Ukraine questioned.

"It's bound to happen, If my family and friends get in a fight with each other I'll have to choose either my friends or family and I don't want to choose!" I look at Ukraine. Her face is saddened as well.

"If anything happens we'll all have to choose a side, but that doesn't mean we'll have to choose now." Ukraine took my hands. "I know you Canada, I know your friends and your family. They would never expect you to choose, you don't have to choose," Ukraine says. I give a weak smile.

"Thanks, Ukraine," I say. Ukraine smiled. We finish our pizza and I pay. They hand me back my card and I say goodbye to Dave as we leave the restaurant. The clouds overhead are dark and look heavy. We started walking back and talk about a lot of things. Then, it started to rain. Ukraine is wearing a t-shirt and jeans so she is already cold. I smile and take my flannel off and put it over her shoulders. I see her face turn red and I chuckle.

"You can keep it if you want, I have another one in my suitcase anyway," I say looking at the street which is already soapy looking from how hard it is raining.

We reach the hotel and walk to the front door. Before I open the doors, Ukraine kisses me on the cheek and runs inside.

"Thanks for the flannel! Have a good night!" Ukraine yells and she enters the elevator. I'm left there, soaking wet and fully blushing. My white stripes are gone because of how much I'm blushing. I smile and cheer.

"Yes!" I calm down and walk inside.

"Why is brother smiling like a dork at 8 PM?" I see Kiwi walk up with Aussie walking behind her.

"I deserve to be happy. Is it really 8 already?" I ask and Aussie nods and shows me his watch.

"Then we should all go to sleep, we want to wake up early for the meeting after all," I say and start walking towards the elevator. I turn to my right and see America talking to UN. *He was telling the truth.* I get in the elevator and get to my floor.

I walk into my room and yawn. I change into my matching plaid pajamas. I get into the covers, turn the light off, and yawn once again. I let my eyes get heavy and finally I fell asleep.

Alright so this was more of a filler chapter, but still, I needed some cute Nada and Ukraine.

Also, 40 views! how!? God I love y'all

Chapter 4: Meeting

(Canada's POV)

I woke up to my alarm going off on my phone. "Meeting day..." I sighed and got out of bed. I grabbed my phone and checked the time: 7 AM. We were expected to be at the meeting place by 8:30 and start at 9. I went to my bags and grabbed the dark navy suit I packed. I put the suit on and went into the bathroom. I combed my hair back and looked at myself in the mirror. *I look dead*, I thought as I brushed my teeth. I went back to my bag and grabbed the black fancy shoes I had polished before I left for America. I put them on and walked to the side of my bed. I took a picture of the feather not wanting it to get damaged at the meeting and walked to the front door. I grab my briefcase and leave my hotel room.

I got into the elevator and pressed for the lobby. The elevator stopped at flour three and a couple walked it. "Hey mom, hey dad," I said cheerfully. France had her hair in a clean bun in the back of her head. She wore a light cream button top that was tucked into a black pencil skirt that reached her knees, her shoes were black pumps. Britain has his hair combed back and wore a black suit, he was holding a small briefcase and had one arm wrapped around his wife.

"Hello, mon cher! I hope you slept well, hotel sheets are always made of weird fabrics here," France said walking in the elevator with Britain.

"Actually, they were pretty comfy compared to other hotels here," I said smiling. Britain nodded and watched the doors. "Hey guys, you've seen a lot of history, right?" I said.

"Are you saying we're ***old***?" France asked lifting one hand to her hip.

"N-no! I-It's just....was there any country that has living ancestors and had brown wings?" I asked. Britain's calm face left and he

looked at me with a confused look. He looked a bit sad. France held his arm and rested her head on his shoulder.

"I-I 'sigh' I'm not allowed to say," Britain said and looked at the walls. I wanted to ask more but was cut off by the elevator doors opening. France and Britain walked out and left the hotel lobby to go to there car. I sighed and walked to were Aussie and Kiwi were talking.

"There you are ya slowpoke!" Aussie said as I walked over. "We've been waiting, America went ahead and left us his car...Let's reck it," Aussie said with a devilish grin on his face.

"No! we are not recking our brother's car, and to make sure we don't, I'm driving," I said and grab the keys out of Kiwi's hand. We walked out together and Aussie complains and Kiwi gives me the 'thank you' look. He got into America's car and started to drive to the meeting place. I checked the time again: 8 AM. It's about a 20-minute drive from the hotel to the meeting place so we're going to be early.

"Do ya think they'll be a breakfast bar?" New Zealand asked while she was redoing her messy bun.

"There should be, America plans ahead and he knows that some countries just don't have time to eat," Australia says while fiddling with the pen he brought. I didn't realize I was so hungry, guess that pizza wasn't filling. America is smart, he knows that some countries might be short on time.

We get to the meeting place and park. Kiwi and Aussie jump out and start fast walking towards the entrance. The place is a large sort of dome building with the rims having painted on gold. I walk inside and look at the lobby. It's plain and has hallways that branch off from it. On the left side, there's a breakfast bar. I walk over to the breakfast bar and look at what they have. Almost every breakfast food from every country, even fairy bread from Australia. I grabbed a plate and start placing pancakes and drown them in maple syrup. I grabbed a fork and a knife and look at the tables in the lobby. Looks like everybody split off into families. I see France and Britain eating and walk over to them. My whole family is there,

even America. I sit down and start to eat.

"This is why you come early," America said finishing his eggs and bacon. France laughs and leaves to reapply her makeup. America checks the time and stands up. "Alright, everybody!" He says loudly and gets every countries attention, "You have 10 minutes to finish up your plates. once you're done, go to room A113 and we'll start the meeting!" America walks to probably go check on UN. I stand up and walk off to the room. I enter to room, in the room is one large desk with chairs in a almost full circle. I see only a few other countries here and sit down at my named desk. Then, UN walks in. He's wearing his blue and white suit and his large white wings and resting behind him. America walks in and sighs.

"You okay brother? You look pretty stressed," I ask and he walks over.

"I *am* stressed, we're meeting in my country and I've gotta be perfect. I don't want to disappoint anybody," America said and puts his hand behind his neck. I look at him and they smile.

"Brother, you're the last person to disappoint, and from what I've seen and heard, you've impressed many." America looks at me with a tired smile and goes to his desk. From what I see, his seat is next to Britain. I open my briefcase and grab out papers and place them on the desk. Soon, every country walks in and takes their seats. UN announces that the meeting has started and asks some countries questions. My mind starts to wander as the meeting goes on.

I really hope UN can give me answers.

Alright, so this was a little longer than I expected, for the next chapter I won't take as long because I've already written this and realized I need to make it two chapters, soo expect chapter 5 soon.

Also, how have 100 people viewed this? Like I only expected 10 people to view it and maybe 1 to vote for it, but 100!

Chapter 5: Not Allowed to Say

[image]

(France's POV)

(leaving the hotel)

I held Britain's hand as we walked outside. We got into the car and I saw Britain shaking. He wiped a tear away and looked outside the window. "Don't be mad at yourself. You were a different man, a bad man. Now," I put his face in my hands and made him look at me, "now, you're better, you're good." I wipe a tear away and he gives me a weak smile.

"Why do you trust me even when I still hide things from you?" Britain asked.

"Becuase I love you because somethings are better hidden than exposed. L'amour, we both have a past we are equally ashamed of, but people have forgiven us, now we need to forgive ourselves." Britain smiled and me and nods. He whispers okay under his breath and I put my seat belt on. The rest of the drive is silent, but I look over at him many times. "Remeber how we first met? The French Monarchy was still a king and I was his youngest child, only the French empire was older. God that rascal, wanting to be Emporer, not king-"

"And you wanted to not be a queen nor an empress. You looked stunning in that purple dress." Britain finished my sentence. "I was nervous to talk to you, England and the French monarchy were still in a feud and this was the first ball where both monarchs and their children would be in attendance," Britain said. A smile crept up my face.

I drew France in her dress

"Then I made my move, asked you to dance and the rest was history," I said remembering how long we danced. "We didn't stop

dancing till the sun was rising" I remembered the purple dress I wore with a large hoop skirt and petticoat underneath. The corset was extra tight and I couldn't even finish my meal. I smiled and held Britain's hand the rest of the way.

(Canada's POV)

(In the meeting)

I sighed as the meeting dragged on. I looked at the clock many times. The wait felt extremely long and I mostly doodled on the blank papers I had, and then I heard UN speak.

"Looks like we're out of time, America, if you wouldn't mind could I host another meeting here tomorrow?" UN asked and the eyes went towards America.

"Of course, but it would have to be later in the day as tomorrow morning I have things to attend to," America statted and the UN nodded.

"Perfect, meeting dismissed," UN said and countries got up and gathered their things. I got up and walked towards EU who was gathering his things. "Do you need something Canada?" UN asked as he saw me walking over.

"Sort of, it's more of a question," I statted and UN sat down again. His wings fluttered behind him and I continued. "I found something," I pulled out my phone and went to the photo of the feather and handed my phone to him, "The feather is too soft and clean to be a birds and from my knowledge of birds, no bird in New York is this brown and would show up near a hotel." UN looked at the photo.

"Your question is?" UN asks as he looks at me with his white eyes.

"Is there or was there any country with brown wings?" I asked my question and UN's eyes narrow.

"I'm guessing you've already asked other countries, what did they say?" UN asks

"They either ignored it or said they couldn't say," I said and look at the floor.

UN sighed, "I'm not allowed to say..." UN states before gathering his papers and puts my phone down.

"Why!?" I step forward.

"Because I *promised* I wouldn't," UN said and tenses his shoulders.

"Who did you promise?!" I asked now raising my voice.

"I can't tell you classified information!" UN raises his voice.

"I keep secrets! I have classified information just give a name!" By now every country has left and it's just me and UN.

"I can't" UN's voice lowers and his wings and shoulders tense and his clenches his fist.

"What!? Does it have something to do with you!? Does it have something to do with Britain!? Does it have something to do with America?!" I yell.

"**ENOUGH**" UN's wings flare out going to their full length. The wings lay a shadow on me as they cover the lights. "I will not be interrogated like this! You will not get answers and from the way you acted like a child you don't deserve to know!" UN raises his voice and picks up his breifcase and walks out of the meeting room.

I'm left there, with more questions then I started the day with.

Alright so a little explanation

before Britain/UK became a thing, there was just England, so how I did it is: England is the father of Britain/UK.

Before France became France we know, it was the French Monarchy and then the French Empire. The French empire (Napoleon) 'killed' the French Monarchy. Then other countries 'killed' The French

Empire leaving France the country to rule.

Also, in my book Native America is the birth mom of America, and then Spain took him from his mom, then France took him from Spain, then Britain shared America with France before taking full responsibility for them. But of course, he first killed Native America.

Thanks for coming to my Ted talk!

Chapter 6: Brothers

(America's POV)

(Right after the meeting)

I gathered my things and quickly walked towards the door. Before I walked out, I saw Canada walking towards UN. *He's doing and asking things he should leave alone*, I thought. I looked away and walk to the lobby of the meeting place. I noticed New Zealand and Australia walking towards me and put on a smile. "Hey guys," I said

"Hey, bro!" Aussie said.

Aussie opened his mouth, but Kiwi spoke first. "We want to go back to the hotel so we don't miss lunch. Do you mind taking Nada home?" New Zealand said and Aussie nodded.

"Sure, but you're driving Kiwi. I'm not letting Outback here drive my car," I said. I used the nickname Outback. I came up with it when he showed us another one of his snakes when we were kids. The memory quickly saddened when I remembered how close we were, living under the same roof, eating the same food. I missed those years so much. The years I didn't have to worry.

Aussie groaned and I snapped out of my haze. Kiwi took the keys out of Outback's hand and she started walking. Aussie waved goodbye and started chasing our younger sister. I sighed and looked around the lobby. I noticed Russia and started walking towards him.

"Need something, Америца?" (America) Russia asked and put his phone in his pocket. I know some Russian so I was able to understand him, but I'm more fluent in Spanish and French.

"No, just needed a friend to talk to while I wait for Canada," I said and check the time on my phone again. "He needed to talk to UN for some reason so I have to wait"

Russia sighed and looks down before speaking. "Thanks for not fighting with me today. I know we have some issues, but I'm glad you didn't bring them up."

"Awwww Russia actually does care," I jokingly say.

"Don't push it цапиталист" (capitalist) Russia says and I laugh. "I mean it, I was having a bad day and you not bringing up the missiles and the feud we're having made it a lot less stressful," Russia says and I look at him.

"Honestly, I didn't want to talk about it either. I feel like people should understand that this has been happening for a long time, they should just get over it," I say bluntly.

"Is America complaining about *his* people?" Russia jokingly says and looks at me wide-eyed. I just glare at him and he chuckles. That made me laugh.

We continue to talk for a while about random things before, Russia asks something. "When Canada comes, could I talk to him? I need to tell him something" I look at Russia.

"As long as you don't get him mad, many people think he's a cry baby, but when he gets upset he raises his voice," I say. Russia chuckles and nods. Then, UN walks out. His face is red and his fist are clenched. Russia looks at me and I look at him with the face of 'I'm scared' and 'What happened'. Canada is the next to walk out. His face is also red and you can tell his grinding his teeth. "Nada, what happened?" I walk up to him and put my hands on his shoulder.

He looks down and says, "Nothing, can we get a move on? I'm tired" Canada moves out of my grip. I turn my head to face Russia. He's never snapped like that. I can feel my sadness build up.

"I don't think right now is the best time to talk to him," I say to Russia, "maybe try tomorrow" Russia nods and walks off. I jog after Canada and we walk him silence to my car. (He has two cars, he's America after all)

We get into my car and buckle up. My mind is racing and finally, I snap. "Dammit Canada! Tell me what's wrong! You have never snapped at me like that and UN looked even madder than you!" Canada looks at me with anger and shock.

Finally, Canada speaks. "I was trying to get answers to the feather I found. UN wouldn't tell me so I snapped," Canada says quietly.

I sighed and looked at Canada. "Nada, I don't know what to tell you to make you believe me. It's a bird's feather. We have brown birds in New York and a lot of birds are coming back after migrating. They're all over the state. You might just say there's a feeling, but I've given you answers and you won't accept them," I say. I start the car and start driving home, both of us are in silence.

Once we got to the hotel parking lot, I parked and turned off the car. Canada got out of the car and quickly walked to the hotel. I stayed in my car and sighed. *I lost my brother*, I thought. A tear ran down my face and I broke down. I cried and cried as I remembered all the things we did as kids. How much fun we had was now gone, replaced with a silence.

A silence of brothers.

I'm not crying, you are!

Not a chapter!

[image] [image]

You guys!
Number 3!
I don't know how to thank you! I feel like other books should've gotten this place, but I've never been happier before!
I hope you guys like this book, I have many ideas for how it can play out so stay tuned!
Anyways, school is being hard and it's hard to stay on task so I'm only gonna update on weekends. But, fall break is coming up so expect back to back chapters for a week!
Anyway thanks for listening and I hope you have a wonderful day!

Chapter 7: Apology Not Accepted

(Canada's POV)

I slammed the car door and quickly walked towards the lobby of the hotel. Before I entered I looked back and saw my brother crying. I wanted to run to him tell him it's okay, but I didn't...I walked inside and let go of my fists. I looked around the lobby, few countries were there talking still in their suits. I took out my phone and checked the time: 12 PM.

"Well, wanna show me, New York?" I heard a voice say and I looked up. Ukraine was there, she was wearing a white shirt with black jeans and my red flannel wrapped around her waist.

"There's not a lot of things to show in New York," I say, "I mean they've got the 9/11 Memorial and the Statue of Liberty. But that's it"

"Then show me those then we'll look around. Don't they have that large park?" Ukraine asks

"Yeah, Central Park. Why don't I get changed into something more comfortable and we'll go from there" I say and Ukraine nods and sits down in a chair. I start walking to the elevator and get in. Nobody else entered the elevator so I just kept quiet and walked into my room.

(Ukraine's POV)

I sat on the chair and played on my phone. Wasn't playing anything good, just those crappy games with clickbait ads. Then a shadow forms over me. I look up and see my brother, Russia. "What you want?" I asked. I probably know what he's gonna say, but I let him speak.

"Why do you like him?" Russia asks

"Hm?" I keep my eyes on him and cross my legs

"Канада. Why do you like that capitalist's brother?" (Canada) Russia crosses his arms

"Oh my god, are you seriously comparing Maple to America?" I realize I said Canada's nickname. Russia gets mad.

"Don't give him a nickname, Украине" (Ukraine) Russia's voice gets deep and thick.

"You can't control me, I'm an adult," I snap, "And frankly, I will love and like whoever I want," I notice Canada walking towards us and I stand up and walk to him. "You ready?" I smile and ask.

"Yup! First stop, Central Park," Canada says and I smile. I hook my arm to his arm and we begin to walk out. I look over to Russia one more time and see him with his arms crossed and giving Canada the death glare.

We walk to his car and start the drive. It's mostly quiet, but we do have some small talk.

And then Canada asks, "What were you and your brother talking about?" I stop and remember the fury in his eyes.

"He doesn't like you. He compared you to America and I snapped," I said quietly, "He still treats me like a kid. He needs to understand that I'm an adult and I'm gonna make decisions without him"

The drive was quiet and we park a little way away from Central Park and started the walk. I was amazed by the buildings here, and when we reached the park I gasped. The trees were green and light pink and the grass had flowers painted in May's colours. The paths were covered with pink petals from the trees.

"I didn't know such a dirty place could hold such beauty," I said and Canada nodded.

"New York isn't the cleanest, but here, they keep it perfect," Canada

says and we start walking. The walk was quiet and peaceful, I kept close to Canada and sometimes put my head on his shoulder. Ukraine felt peaceful here, here: she wasn't a country. Just a person.

(Canada POV)

After hours of talking and walking around, we decided to go back to the hotel. Once we reach the lobby Ukraine says goodbye to me and walks to where here siblings are. Russia's not with them. I pull out my phone and check the time, 5 PM. I spent five hours with Ukraine.

"Hey, Nada.." I hear a voice and lookup. Standing there is America. His hand is on the back of his neck and he looks pretty nervous. *Should be.*

"What do you want?" I ask. America was put off by my tone

"I just wanted to say sorry for yelling-"

"You should be" I cut him off and cross my arms

"Hey it's not my fault you snapped and wouldn't tell me anything," Americas tone changed and he stood taller.

"I don't have to tell you anything. We're not kids," I state.

"Well, when you come out of a meeting with your fists clenched and visibly mad, I have a right to know"

"No you don't, and stop acting like your all high and mighty." I spit

"I act that way because I have a reputation to uphold-"

"Oh, your reputation is all that matters? Oh sorry, want me to go back into your shadow?" I didn't realize it, but I started to raise my voice.

"Your reputation matters too! All I'm saying is that because I act like a dick sometimes-"

"You mean you *are* a dick" I cut him off.

America clenches his fists, "I'm trying to say sorry! Can you for once not be the annoying brat like you always are!?"

"OH, *I'm* annoying!" I'm yelling at this point.

France notices us and quickly walks over, "Boys behave"

"I'll behave when this psycho, learns to care for somebody other them himself," I say.

"Right I'm done," America says and starts walking off, "Good luck with that bird's feather moron." With that, America is gone. I'm left with my fists clenched and a wave of anger.

"Mon cher, what was that?" France asks.

"America wanted to say sorry because he didn't want to ruin his reputation"

"That doesn't sound like America. I think that actually just wanted to say sorry to his brother," France says and puts a hand on my shoulder.

"Do you live with America?" I look at my mother

"No, but that-"

"Then you don't know what he sounds like," I cut her off and walk away with my fists clenched.

I go into the elevator and enter my room. I look out the window, the sun is close to setting, but not quite there leaving a burst of pinks and yellows over the buildings and skyscrapers. I sigh and lay down on my bed. I look at the feather and pick it up. *I know you don't belong to a bird,* I think as I play with the feather. I look around the cold room.

I know people think I'm insane, but this feeling is real.

That took a while! I'm sorry I hit writers block while writing this

chapter. I'll get working on the next chapter right now!

Chapter 8: Dreams

(Canada's POV)

I stayed in my room till the sun went down. *I should've accepted his apology*, I thought as I changed into my plaid pyjamas. I put the feather on the hotel desk before getting into bed and falling asleep.

I woke up in my old wooden gentry.

"Good morning children" I hear my mother through the door. I get up and servants get me changed me into a red silk frock coat and white breeches. I run through the cold, candlelit hallways and reached my older brother's room. The door was creaked open so I peeked in. A servant was dressing him. The servant wore a brown sacque and a white apron.

"America I know you want to show them, but we must keep them a secret," The servant said while she put America into a blue frock coat.

"But it's uncomfortable," America whined.

"Would you rather have Britain take them away?" The servant asked while finishing up. America stayed silent and the servant sighed, "I know it's hard, but I'm doing this for you."

America looked at her, "Will I ever learn to use them?" America asked.

The servant sighed and answered, "Unless you want to keep them, you'll keep them a secret. And that means not using them at all." The servant finished up and hugged him. America hugged back. "Promise you won't tell anybody"

America looked at her, "I promise"

"Children!" I hear my fathers deep voice call and I spook. America walks out of the room not noticing me and runs downstairs. The servant comes

out next and I look up at her, she is staring at me.

"You will remember this when the time is right," the servant says before down the stairs. I quickly followed them and saw my mother France. She was wearing a purple mantua that was pretty small for a French woman.

"Good morning Canada. Breakfast today is fruits and cheese," Mother said and smiled before walking away to sit and the table. The table was white with golden accents. I sat down next to America and was handed peaches and a few slices of cheese. My father soon joined us at the table. He wore a brown coat white breeches. America ate happily for it's not every day we get cheese for breakfast. We quickly finished and were excused to go play in the backyard.

America and I had fun playing scotch-hopper and jump rope.

"Hey, America?" I asked while I kicked the sack and won the game.

"Oh you frog, you won again!" America complained and ran up to me, "Do you need something?" America asked. The light of noon made his red and blue eye glow. Father always hated that they were two colours.

"What were you and that servant talking about?" I asked.

America tensed and quickly answered, "Nothing! And if we did talk about something I wouldn't tell a frog like you!" America said before running inside to start his studies. I sighed, America has gotten mean and has started to fight with father much more. I remember one time he threatened to start a revolution. He was being stupid, nobody can beat father. I went inside to start my studies.

As children, we didn't learn to govern-that was fathers job-and only learned how to read and write.

I finished my studies and looked at the English sunset. Then, I heard a high pitched scream and a thud. I ran downstairs and saw America crying over the servants-that dressed him-body.

"How could you! You killed mom!" America yelled through tears at father. I watched and the bottom stair.

"I told you to never call her mom! Her name is Native America!" Britain

yelled still holding the rock that had blood spilt over it.

"Mom. P-please wake up" America said through tears and shook the body.

Britain raised the bloodied rock. "Britain enough!" France said and stood in between the father and son. America's wails could be heard throughout the house and other servants came to watch the scene. "I won't let you kill our son!" France yelled.

Britain lowered the rock, "He isn't your son. He is all mine" Britain lowered his voice and walked off to his studies. France told the other servants to get rid of the body and clean the room up. When the servants came to take the body, America didn't let go. France had to rip America away and hold him so the servants could take the bloodied body away. America kept crying.

"W-We were m-meant to be t-together fo-forever," America said through tears and coughs. France sat on the couch and hummed a french lullaby to him. A little while later a servant came back, the servant handed America a turquoise ring. America with a shaky hand took the ring and put it on. It was too big for him, but he smiled. "Thank you," He said to the servant. If father heard him say thanks to a servant he would be punished. America was the kindest to the servants and treated them as friends more than servants.

That night in bed, I could hear the distance cries of America and the even louder sound of father and mother fighting.

Then I woke up in the hotel. My coat and breeches were gone and replaced with my plaid pyjamas. *That was a very strange dream*, I thought, *I wonder if it was real*. I took out my phone and searched through my camera roll to find photos of America. I found one and zoomed into his hands.

On his right hand, was a turquoise ring.

OH BOY, that was a good chapter! I really love history so I wanted to write a chapter like this for the longest time!

Vocabulary

Gentry: A fancy house used in the 1700s mainly used for rich people.

Frock coat: Large coat used by men over many centuries.

Breeches: Tight pants used by men through the 1700s, but has been used by both men and woman as time passed

Sacque: A unfitting woman's dress mostly used by servants.

Mantua: A dress worn by French women, and had underneath large petticoats and hoop skirts.

Scotch-hopper: Hopscotch.

Frog: a French person.

Chapter 9: Apology accepted

(Canada's POV)

(Warning, some swearing)

I stayed in bed for a long time. The sun was starting to rise. It was all real. What did Native want to hide? What did she lose?

My head was spinning when I heard the simple chime of my phone. I looked at it.

(Dad: Britain, C: Canada)

Dad: Is the meeting this morning or noon?

C: Noon

Dad: Thank you

C: Hey dad? Do you remember Native America?

He stayed silent and the speech bubble came up many times.

Dad: Come to my room

I was confused and got up. I quickly got dressed and grabbed the feather before leaving for his room.

I knocked and he answered. He opened the door wider and I walked in.

"France is out for breakfast," He finally spoke and sat down on the bed. I huffed a little and sat down next to him. "To talk about...her, you need to understand I was different. I was mean and cruel," Britain said.

"I understand," I said and listened.

"She...is America's real mom. Spain took him from her, then I shared him with France before taking full custody...I allowed Native to live with us in the New World and she was America's dresser and nanny...Then one night, I got mad. Back then, I took everything out on people around me, and sadly, she was the closest to me...I took a rock..and killed her," Britain spoke. His words were shaky and he went silent many times.

"Did-Did she have wings?" I ask.

Britain looked at me and sighed, "Big beautiful black and brown ones."

"Does America have wings?" I ask quickly, *I'm getting answers!*

"Uh-I-I don't know. I doubt it. If he did, I would've cut them off as I did with Native's," Britain said. he stuttered at first.

"You can tell me," I say.

"I'm..not allowed to-"

"to say?!" I cut him off, "Like everybody else I talk to?! Is this like a game I wasn't included in!?"

"Not everything is a game," Dad says in a calm voice, ignoring my outburst.

"Why can't you at least tell you who's not allowing you to say?!" I ask.

"Becuase he asked us not to," Britain says.

"So it's a he?" I ask.

"..Shit," Britain says and gets up, "I-I think you should go.."

I got up and quickly walked out. I'm not as mad, I got information. It's a he. The man who is forcing them to stay quiet was just numbered down to..still a lot, but I now know it's not a female! I walk into the elevator and got to the lobby. The elevator stops at floor three and a country-I wish didn't-came in. Russia. He looked

up from his phone and growled at me. He walked to the other corner and didn't press a button. *He must be going to the lobby as well.*

"I don't hate you Канада, unlike what you think," He spoke. He didn't look at me.

"I-I don't th-that" I stuttered.

"I just, want my sister safe. I don't think your right for her, but she does. Just don't her hurt unless you want me to break your back," He looks at me. I nod quickly.

"Noted..I-I would never hurt her. I care about her..a lot," I say. I could really never imagine myself hurting her, it's impossible.

"Good," Russia says. We stay silent and didn't speak to each other again. The door opens and Russia walked to his family and I walked out and looked around. Ukraine found me and quickly walked over.

"Did-Did you just share an elevator with Russia," she asked almost sounded shocked.

"Yes I did," I said, I sounded shocked. I mean, I just shared an elevator with somebody who could not only kill me but make it look like an accident and get away with it.

"And-and you're alive?? What. the fuck," Ukraine says.

"You just explained what I'm thinking," I say, "God if America just saw that, he would claim me as a god." My face saddened as I talk about America. I remember what I said to him. He just wanted to say sorry and I shut him down. Would he accept my apology?

"Everybodys heard of the brother's fight," Ukraine tells me.

"Isn't that great," I say.

"You should say sorry."

"Would he even accept an apology?" I ask.

"Only one way to find out," Ukrain says, moving out of the way for me to spot America talking to Japan. I sighed and started to walk over. Japan notices me and waves goodbye at America and walks away. America hasn't noticed me yet.

"H-hey America," I say and America looks at me.

"And I'm out," America says and starts to walk away.

"Hey hey, please," I say and America stops, turns to me and crosses his arms. "I-um, I'm sorry"

"Wow really? I don't care," America says.

"No, I mean it. I shouldn't have snapped. I don't know why I did." America stayed silent and I continued, "You are my brother and there's no excuse to why I snapped, but...could we try again?" I ask.

America looks at me then smiled and opens his arms up for a hug. I walk and hug him. "I'm sorry too," He says.

"W-Why?" I ask and pull out from the hug.

"Becuase I *was* a dick and only cared about my reputation...I did put you in my shadow," He says.

"Well, your shadow was comfy, I didn't get attacked, and when I did, you were there," I say and America chuckles.

"I would protect you even if you shadowed me. We're family," America says and I smile. I smile. I look at his right hand, the turquoise ring was there.

"What a pretty ring," I say and America looked at his hand, "Where'd you get it?"

"It's been so long since I've gotten it. I'm surprised it still fits, I don't know where I got it," America says and plays with the ring.

"It's nice," I say.

"Yeah...The person who owned it before was also nice"

I'm so sorry that it took a while! My creative writing teacher wants me to do national writing month and that keeps me writing, but drains me after I'm done. So this month is gonna be sparse with chapters, but I will keep trying to get them out

Chapter 10: An open door

(Canada's POV)

America and I walked around the city. He knew his way since this was is country. He offered that we visited his son New York, which I didn't object to. He called up New York, who told him he was busy.

"He sounds like Germany to me," I comment and America chuckled.

"He sometimes is-well all the time. Like New York City, he never sleeps," America says. We walk in silence for a little while. My head is racing with questions, but I fear if I even ask one, I'll lose my brother again. "Your awfully silent Nada, is something wrong?" America asked. Although I can't see his eyes through his sunglasses, I can guess he has a worried look.

"Why do you wear your sunglasses? You used to wear them because of dad, but now, you don't have to wear them," I ask. America leads me to a bench and we sit down.

"I don't know why I still wear them. I guess whenever I take them off, I remember was dad said," America says.

"Do..do you fear he'll say it again?" I ask.

"Honestly...yeah. I forgive him for all that happened, I just can't let go," America says. Even through the dark shades, I can see him tear up.

"Take them off," I say quickly.

"Wh-what?" America looks at me.

"I mean it. Take your glasses off right now," I say quite bluntly. America looks down, sighs and grabs the end of the shades. He takes them off and squints to the brighter light. Once he got used to the light he looked at me. The red and blue eyes looked a little

faded. They looked as if they were transferring to a light lavender.

"I've noticed their a little more purple. Is that just me?" America asked. I'm kinda entranced with the eyes. It's been forever since I've seen their beauty.

"It looks like your eye colours are mixing," I comment. They were still visibly blue and red, just a weird faded blue and red.

"Well, isn't that awsome-as awesome as me!" America puts his hands on his hips and I laugh.

"Full of it much?" I say chuckling.

"You think I'm full of it?" America asks, all the sudden seeming less proud and more worried.

"Oh, no. I was joking. Ame stop taking everything seriously," I say and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Oh..Well, do you think I'm full of it?" He asks.

"You can be sometimes, but you're really respectful. You used to be really mean, but now your much better," I say. America smiles.

"Yeah."

"Oh Ame, are you good with relationships?" I ask.

"I've had some experience, why do you ask?"

"I wouldn't say I'm having troubles. I just like this girl-"

"OoOoO a girl?" America smirked.

"Yes a girl, I really like her and I don't know if I should tell her," I say.

"Well have you talk to this girl?"

"Yeah. I showed her Central Park and we got pizza together the first day," I say.

"Is it Ukraine?" America asks lifting one eyebrow.

"Uhh, how'd you guess?"

"I saw you guys talking a lot. She looks good," America tells me.

"Hey she's mine, don't go flirting on her-" I realize what I said and turn red, America bursts out laughing. I cover my face with my hands and America wipes away his tears of laughter.

"She's all yours," America said holding in laughter. I punch his arm playfully, which he only responds with more laughter. "But really, what's the problem?"

"Her brother," I say, "I don't think he likes me..at all"

"Does Russia like anyone? Don't worry, either Ukraine will handle him, or I'll give him a few nudges to stop bothering you guys," America says.

"Thanks," I say and America nods.

"Anything for my brother"

We talk more, I'm still nervous to ask him any other questions about the past. He wants to move on I can tell, but I just can't, not until I find that winged country.

"Ah, shit!" America jumped up, "It's 11 AM. We have an hour to get ready for the meeting!" I jump up and America puts his glasses in his pocket. We jog back to the hotel. We rush to the elevator and press the floor. We're on the same floor. "We'll take my car, meet me back at the lobby, if I'm not there, just come to my room," America says and I nod. The elevator door opens and we walk in different directions.

I walk in my room and quickly slip on a suit. I fix up my messy hair, which I should just give up on and grab my bag. I decide just to go to my brother's room, I don't want to go up and down the elevator. I check my phone, 11: 20. I sighed and reach America's room. The door is slightly open, I peek through the slit. My mouth drops and my eyes widen at what I see.

America, putting his shirt on. Big black and brown wings hang from his back.

I'm sorry it's short! Once thanksgiving break starts I promise to get a few chapters out.

Chapter 11: Who Else Knows

(Canada's POV)

I can't believe it. My brother is the winged country! The feather belongs to him! How did I never notice!? My legs felt weak under my weight. America put on his shirt and put on his tux over it. His wings were hidden from view. I quickly stood up, took a breath and knocked on the door.

"Oh, come in," America called and I entered. "Everything alright Nada? You look like you've seen a ghost"

"What? Oh-uh-y-yeah," I stutter out. My mind is running wild. Should I tell him I know? Why did he hide it from me?

"Are you nervous about the meeting?"

"Uh..y-yeah," I say. Why can't I tell him I know?

"Heh, it's alright, meetings are usually scary," He said, giving me a warm smile. That smile hurt, it created a pit inside my chest. Why does he have to be so gullible? Why does he have to trust me when I can't trust him? "But you'll have me to help you out if things get hard," America said interrupting my thoughts.

"You're so good to me," I say softly.

"Why wouldn't I be? You are my brother."

"I guess, but a lot of things have happened," I say and America nods. "H-hey Ame, could I ask you something?"

"Sure, what's the question?"

"Do...do you remember Native?" I ask. America's face goes still, I start questioning myself.

"I remember a little about her, not much. She dressed me, helped

me learn how to read," America says smiling.

"Do you remember what happened to her?"

"....I remember dad getting mad. He aimed something at me, that's when she stepped in and took the blows...I don't remember anything after that, but when I woke up the next day, I had this ring" America lifted up his hand and played with the ring.

"Did...did she ever ask you to hide things?" I ask. America looks at me with eyes unreadable.

"...no. There was nothing to hide after all," America says. I could feel myself boil with rage. I know that he's lying! "Come on, let's get going." America walks out and I follow.

We reach the lobby and enter the car, I check the time again 11:25. We start driving. I've never been so stressed sitting next to my brother. As my thoughts spiral, I get angrier. Why didn't he trust me enough? Why did he hide the truth from his own family? I wonder how mom and dad will react. Who would tell them?! America didn't even tell me! He might not even tell them.

We reach the meeting place and park. America quickly walks off and I follow behind. We enter and almost immediately get scolded by mom.

"You guys need to watch the time more," France says and we nod.

"Hey mom, could I talk to you?" I say and France nods walking off and I follow. We sit down.

"So what do you need?" She asks.

"Um..I'm sorry I snapped at you," I say.

"Oh, baby it's alright, I haven't really been there for you guys," France says.

"That still doesn't make what I said alright"

"You're right. How about after we go back to our countries I visit

you or you visit me," France says and smiles.

"Heh, it has been a while since I've seen Paris," I say and smile weakly.

"Then it's settled, you'll visit me. I'll plan out the best mommy and son dates ever!" Mom smiles. I look up to see America, but he isn't there.

"Hey mom, where did America go?" I ask.

"Oh, he's probably in the meeting room, you know he likes to be the first one in there," France says.

"Okay, well I'm going to go," I say and stand up.

"Au Revoir!" France says and waves and I walk away. I walk to the meeting room. The doors creaked open and I hear low murmurs. I peek inside. I see America, Britain, and...UN? Why are they there?

"You have to be more careful," UN says and I listen close.

"It was just a creaked open door...but he could've seen them," Dad says.

"He seemed obliviuos..as always," America says.

"America if he saw your-" UN said.

"Wings? I know what would happen," America said cutting off UN.

"Has he come to you with your feather?" Dad asked. *What!? It's his feather!?*

"I feel like he's gone to every country with my feather," America says.

"God America, you have to be careful!" UN says.

"Okay, I'm sorry my feathers decided to wilt without me knowing!" America said raising his voice.

"Keep your voice down," UN says in a scolding voice.

"Let's continue this later, other countries are going to enter soon," Dad says and the three stop talking and go to their seats.

I'm not mad. I'm furious! Dad and UN knows! Who else knows! America trusts Dad and UN, but not me!? Does my own brother hate me that much!? I could hold in my anger when it was just my brother, but not anymore. No, I'm going to let loose.

If he won't tell mom, I will.

I'll tell everyone.

Sorry if it's a bit short, it was just going too fast I couldn't slow it down.

Btw, I might not post for a while. My mental and physical health is in a deep grave and I should fix it before I post anymore. I'm not discontinuing, just taking a break.

Chapter 12: Everybody Knows

(Canada's POV)

I take a few breaths and calm myself. I look over my shoulder and see Ukraine walking towards me. I put on a smile. "Hey, I was waiting for you," I lie.

"Aw thank you," Ukraine says and smiled, moving her a piece of her hair behind her ear. I hold out my arm and she holds my arm. We walk in together. Ukraine just made it look like I wasn't spying. "I hope we have time together after the meeting," Ukraine says.

"I...do too," I say. I honestly don't know what's going to happen after the meeting. I'm about to tell the world about America's wings. I don't know what's going to happen next. Ukraine lets go of my arm and walked to her chair, I walk to mine. I sit down and sigh, I look up and see American and Britain talking. Guess Britain has a favourite after all. Why did America trust dad, but not me? He hates dad, he knew he could trust me. Did he also think I was childish? Well, I'll show them how grown up I am. I'll show them to never trust me again.

"You look upset, what happened?" I hear a voice say and look up to see France.

"Mom, could I ask you something?" I ask.

"Of course, what is it?" She asks sitting down next to me.

"Why...do you love dad?" I ask looking back to Britain.

"Well...for a lot of reasons. We've been through a lot together, but no matter what, he was always there for me and I was always there for him. I trust him, and he trusts me. There are no secrets between us," France says and looks at Britain, smiling.

"What if he betrayed that trust?" I ask coldly.

"Well first, he would never, but if he did. I would get upset, I trust him and I expect the same trust from him. It would hurt knowing he didn't trust me," France says. "But he trusts me, he wouldn't let that happen. I must go to my seat, we can talk later," France says and walks away to her seat, but firsts says hello to Britain and kisses his cheek. I feel sick. He's lying to her, and she trusts him fully. How dare he. He doesn't deserve mom, he never will once I tell everyone what he did. What America did. Other countries soon file in, taking their seats and the large round table.

"Is everybody in attendance?" UN asked sitting at his desk. I want to speak first, but I think I'll make America think he is safe. I'll wait until the end of the meeting. I'll make America think his secret is safe.

"Think so," America spoke up and UN nodded.

"Then we may begin," UN says and countries began speaking up. I sighed knowing that I wasn't going to participate much. I planned out my words in my head, my rage rising as I think about it over and over again. I'm getting impatient, but I know it'll be worth the wait. I just have to listen to these countries speak. An hour has gone by and we're wrapping up. It's time.

"UN, reminded me what you're meant to do for all the countries under you?" I ask and heads turn from me to UN.

"Well, I'm meant to be a sort of peacekeeper and make sure words are passed from country to country without interference," UN says calmly.

"And does that mean you can't lie to us countries?" I ask. UN has fallen into my first trap.

"I'm not meant to interfere so in some ways, yes. I shouldn't lie, and if I do, it would be a grave mistake," UN says.

"Hm, well then, could I say a few words?" I ask.

"Of course, what do you need to say?" UN says. I stand up and take a breath before speaking.

"As some of you know, I found a feather my first day here, and I thought it belonged to a country. Everybody I talked to said it belonged to a bird. Well, you're sadly wrong. I know exactly who the feather belongs to, and let me tell you, the country it belongs to is a shocker. I felt very upset knowing they didn't trust me enough to tell them their..secret," I look a America. Even with his glasses, I can see his fear rising. "With that, I also know who the country told about their wings. So, I have a few questions to ask those countries who know. UN, you said you shouldn't lie, yet you lie about this, why? Do you think the countries under you are stupid?" UN looks at me, I can tell he just realized what I'm doing, but before he can even open his mouth, I continue. "Britain, my own father lied tsk tsk. Do you care about anybody else at all? Are you nervous about what Mom might think? Did you really think that I was too childish for the truth?" Britain looks at me, fear visible.

"Mon cher, what's he talking about?" France asks, but I cut Britain off from responding

"And America, I thought we were over brotherly fights. Was I just not important enough for you? Did you really think I would stay in your shadow all silent!? Did you really think I would keep my mouth shut!?" I raise my voice. America stands up slowly.

"Canada, think about this...please don't do this," America says, his voice clearly shaking.

"You can't really stop me, freedom of speech and all," I say grinning. All the countries are either confused or slowly piecing it together.

"Don't do this, you will ruin everything," America warned. I just laughed.

"You think I care?! You ruined any chance we had at being brothers," I say.

"Canada-" Britain starts to say, but I cut him off.

"Ah, I'm not done with my questions. I have on more to ask," I say. Some countries around pieced it together and looked at me, shocked. I grin. "So, America, why don't you show them your

wings?" I say. I hear countries gasped around me, but I keep my eyes on America. He's shaking and sits down, clasping his hands together pray style and looking down at the desk.

Then the yells, the chairs falling to the floor.

The only countries who aren't making some noise are Britain, UN, and America.

They ruined everything for me.

So I'll tell everyone.

And I made sure, everybody knows.

Everybody knows.

Chapter 13: Arguments

Britains POV

I'm shaking, my world is spinning. What has Canada done? Even though noise fills the room, the loudest thing is my thoughts. My thoughts are yelling, screaming at the top of their lungs. Canada has already left the room. Probably to enjoy his 'victory'.

"You knew?" I heard a voice say. France is standing in front of me, tears welling in her eyes. Everything for me goes silent, I can only hear France.

"I..." It's hard to speak. I'm usually good with comebacks, but not with France.

"We've been through so much, and I trusted you. Then...then you lie," France's voice shakes. "I thought we were done with secrets!" France yells, tears falling from her face. I can feel my heartbreak.

"I..I couldn't tell you," I say.

"But you told UN!? How's that better!?" France yells through tears. For the first time, I feel tears at the corner of my eyes.

"It's...not," I say. I look down at my feet, ashamed.

"I...trusted you," Frace said, walking away. Tears fall from my face. I broke her heart. I messed it all up. This is all my fault. If only I didn't take her wings. If only I knew better. If only I treated America better. I remember when I first met Native.

They need to hurry up with that settlement. Savages lurk these woods, and I'm not in the mood to meet any.

"Sir, the walls are almost done," A colonist tells me.

"Good, now keep working," I tell him and he nods going back to work. I sigh and look out into the woods. I see a figure. I grab my musket. "I

need an interpreter," I say to the colonist and they get one for me. The interpreter and I slowly walk closer to the woods. The interpreter calls out and the figure calls back.

"It's a female," The interpreter says. He speaks to her more and she replies. "Put your musket down sir, you're scaring her," He says. I scoff but put it down. The interpreter calls out more and she calls back, slowly leaving the woods and meeting us halfway. I'm stunned. She had a purple face with white boxed all connected to a pixeled tree. But that wasn't the amazing thing about this savage. She had big beautiful black and brown wings. So big they drag behind her slim figure. The only other kingdom with wings is the Holy Roman Empire, and his wings are worth a fortune. I wonder how much money I'll get out of these wings. I'll be rich.

I snap out of the memory and stay silent. Alone.

New Zealand's POV

Aussie is quickly walking to America, anger filling his face. I get up and rush after.

"What the hell America!?" Aussie yells. I grab his arm so he doesn't attack America. America says nothing, he's just staring at the desk, no emotion on his face. "Not gonna say anything!?" Aussie yells. America doesn't reply. "God, we're your family! You trust UN with your little secret, but not your own family!?" Aussie clenched his fist.

"Aussie enough," I say.

"Did you know too!?" Aussie turns to me. Anger and hurt fill his eyes.

"No I didn't, but we shouldn't be getting mad," I say calmly.

"Yes, we should! He's our brother-no **was** our brother! We had a right to know!" Aussie yells. Hurt is all I see. This isn't being fulled by anger, it's being full by hurt. America hurt Aussie. Aussie really liked his brother. He truly cared about him, the terrible nicknames and all. I can't imagine the pain he's feeling.

Australia's POV

He's not my brother anymore. I thought that we were as brotherly as you could get, but he just had to hide this from me. I told him everything! *We* told each other everything! I didn't keep secrets, but he did! He had to hide this! Why?!

"Aussie please," New Zealand says.

"No. I thought we were brothers. I thought he knew that" I say before walking away.

Russia's POV

I stay in my chair, I stare at America. New Zealand tries to touch him, but he flinches and runs out of the room. Why do I feel like following him? I'm not meant to get into family drama like this- screw it. I get up and quickly walk after him. I look around the lobby before finding him crying in the hallway.

"Hey, are you alright?" I ask. He looks up with tears streaming down his face.

"Don't take my wings!" America said loudly scooting away, fear filling his voice. His glasses were falling off and I could see his violet eyes.

"Why would I take your wings?" I ask squatting down. He looks at me. I've never seen him look so scared and upset. I thought that was impossible for him.

"B-because he took m-moms," America said.

"Moms? France has wings too?" I asked.

"N-no, not f-France. Mom, my r-real mom," He said. I sat down and he scooted closer, keeping his knees up to his chest.

"Oh, I don't think I've met your real mom," I say.

"You won't. She's dead," America says, wiping his eyes.

"Oh, so she had wings. Who took them?" I asked. I honestly surprised he hasn't snapped at me yet.

"Britain," America sniffed. "When I was still a colony of England, I lived with France and Britain. I loved them sure, but they treated my mom terribly. Well, France treated her fine, but britain...didn't. He took her wings and then...killed her," America said burring his face in his knees.

"But doesn't Britain know about your wings?" I asked.

"Yeah, I told him years later, around the 50s," America said.

"Well, I promise to not take your wings," I say and America chuckles.

"Thanks," America said. He leaned on my shoulder and sighed. "Russia, can I tell you something?"

"Sure, go ahead," I say.

"I'm scared. Now that everyone knows...I'm scared about what's going to happen," America said. The capitalist scared?

"Yeah, but you'll have your dad and your friends," I say rubbing his shoulder.

"I don't think my friends like me anymore," America said sadly.

"Well...you'll have me," I say. America looks at me with his violet wet eyes.

"Thanks, communists," America jokes.

"No problem, capitalist," I chuckled.

Canada's POV

I walked out onto the pavement. I did it. Everyone knows. Then why do I still feel mad. Am I mad at myself?

"Nada," I hear behind me and turn around to see Ukraine walking

up to me.

"What do you want?" I snap. I didn't mean to snap, I'm just not in the mood to talk to anyone.

"Is it true? Does America actually have wings?" Ukraine asks.

"Yeah, saw them with my own eyes," I say. Ukraine stays silent.

"Why did you tell everyone? He's your brother! You should've talk to to him privately!" Ukraine rasies her voice.

"He betrayed me! Would you just be calm and civilized when your own brother betrays you!?" I snap back.

"Well, no, but this is diffrent!" Ukraine says.

"How so?" I ask turning back around.

"Becuase it wasn't your secret to tell," Ukraine said.

"Oh yes, you know, just the brother I've for over 300 years!" I snap. "Why are you defending him anways, why are you on his side?"

"There's no sides to this," Ukraine said walking closer.

"Yes there is!" I turn around and hit Ukraine with the back of my hand, pushing her the floor. She grunts as she hits the hard concret. She looks up at me, tears forming in her eyes and a bruise forming on her cheek. "and your not on my side," I say. I feel guily, yet I turn back around, huff and continue walking.

Ukraine's POV

The fall hurt. My bottom stings and my hands are red from trying to break my fall, but that's not the reason I'm crying. Canada's the reason the tears fall from my face. I thought I knew him. I thought I feel in love with a kind man, but that's not the man I fell in love with. Canada is already walking off. I get up and rush back to the building.

I quickly enter, tears falling fast. My hands were throbbing with

pain. I look around and find America and Russia walking and talking. I rush over and hug Russia tightly, crying into him.

"Украине(Ukraine), what's wrong?" Russia asked and holds me tight. "Hey, look at me," Russia says. I look up at him.

Russia's POV

Ukraine looks up. I see her right cheek has a bad bruise forming. Tears streamed down on her face. "What happened!?" I ask, trying not to rage. Ukraine burries her face into my chest. I brush her hair softly with my fingers.

"I'll get a first aid kit," America says and I nod. America walks off.

"Украине, tell me who did this," I say softly. Ukraine sniffles

"C-Canada," Ukraine says. I look calm on the outside, but, my anger is fueled more. First he hurts America, now he hurts my sister! No, I wont let him hurt anybody anymore.

If he wants to hurt people, he better expect to get hurt.

HO BOI that was long!

And also, happy holidays!

Chapter 14: You Knew What Would Happen

Canada's POV

I should go back. God why did I push her? And why did I just leave her? I keep pacing in the park next to the meeting building

"What have you done?"I hear and turn to see New Zealand.

"Zee-"

"Was the truth that important?" She cut me off.

"Yes, he's our brother! As family, we had a right to know," I say.

"Yeah well, becuase of your little stunt, we're not a family anymore," New Zealand says crossing her arms, looking down.

"What?" I ask.

"Moms mad at dad and they had a fight, Aussie doesn't count America as a brother anymore, and America is scared and freaking out," New Zealand says.

"Why would America be scared?" I walk closer to her.

"Do you ever think? Tell me, what has happened before to countries with wings?" New Zealand asked with an annoyed tone. It took me a second, but it hit me.

"Other countries go to war. To take the wings, and sell them for profit," I say. "God I never-"

"Thought? Yeah, you made that obvious when you told everybody," New Zealand said. "Please, fix things. I need my family back," New Zealand said and held herself, she started to cry. I walked to her and hugged her.

"I promise to try," I say and New Zealand wipes her tears. *How would I even try? Would America even talk to me? What about Ukraine? I pushed her! I hurt her.*

"I should go, Aussie walked off and I want to find him before something happens," New Zealand said letting go of me.

"Alright, I'll find America," I say and New Zealand smiles.

"Be carful with him, he's a bit emotional right now," New Zealand says.

"I know, and I will be," I say and New Zealand walks off. I sigh and start walking back to the meeting building. I keep my head down.

"Mon Cher?" I look up to see France, tears in her eyes.

"Mom, you're crying," I say and rush to her.

"Oh, it's alright my darling," she wipes her tears.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Oh I'm doing great, thank you for asking," France says taking my hands.

"No problem, why we're you crying," I question

"I always thought that me and...Britain would always be truthful to each other. I was wrong," France said looking down.

"Mom, I'm so sorry," I say. The guilt only setting in more.

"Sorry for what? For telling the truth? For making see through the cloudy mirror known as Britain?" France says smiling.

"But mom, you loved him," I look at her, confused at her answer.

"And I still do, but..I trusted him, and I shouldn't have trusted him," France tells me, looking at her hands.

"But...."

"A relationship is built on trust and he broke my trust," France tells me. My heart sinks deeper into my chest. Not only did I ruin my relationship, I ruined my parent's. What am I going to do?

"Mom, this is all my fault. You would still be happy with him if only I shut my big mouth," I say. I don't even know why I was so mad at him. Is it because I held in my anger when I was younger? Was I jealous of my own brother?

"Mon Cher, you told the truth and yes, I would be happy. I would be happy in a lie, but a lie isn't real happiness," France says taking my cheek in the palm of her hand.

"I...I don't know what to do," I say, closing my eyes.

"I do," France says.

"And what's that?" I say opening my eyes and looking at my mother.

"Let's go pack, we're still going to Paris after all," France says smiling.

"I...okay, let...let me go get my things from the room," I say. I don't know if I can just leave like this, but what else can I do? France nodded and let go of my hands, walking to her car and leaving. I sigh and walk into the building.

It's almost empty-well, the lobby is. I can hear many countries still in the meeting room. Some are yelling, some a merely raising their voices. I can't tell who's in there, but I recognize UN's voice. I walk closer, as Britain walks out.

"Dad..."

"Congratulations Canada, you have proved to me someone can be more stupid than America," Britain says in a sharp tone, keeping his eyes down.

"Dad I-" He cut me off.

"You know, I was happy, America was happy, we had a happy family," Britain said looking at me. Tears were falling from his eyes.

"I'm so-" He cut me off again.

"But because of your stupidity, I lost the one person I loved more than anything, America lost all trust in you and others, and because your couldn't keep your mouth shut, our family is in pieces," Britain says sharply. My guilt is becoming worse and worse every time someone opens their mouth.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"Sorry doesn't undo the mess you made," Britain says walking away, eyes teary. I sigh and look around at the lobby. I don't see anybody, until, I spot someone. Ukraine! I quickly walk to her.

"Ukraine I-" Ukraine turns around. Her eyes are red and watery, and a big purple bruise stains her cheek. "Ukraine, I'm so sorry.."

"It's okay. I know you didn't mean it," She said, her voice was tired and shaky.

"Can...can we please try again?" I ask.

"Canada, I care about you, and for a while thought I loved you, but after all the happened. I don't know. I'm willing to try again, but not now. It's too soon. Too much has happened too quickly. I need time to process," Ukraine says looking at me.

"I'm...I'm willing to wait," I say and Ukraine smiles.

"I need to go pack, I'm leaving for my country tonight...I'll talk to you later," Ukraine says.

"Okay," I say. Ukraine smiles and looks down before walking out. I smile a little. Ukraine's willing to try. That's better than others. I still need to find America.

"Well well well," I hear behind me and turn to see Russia.

"Russia..." I back up a little, behind me is a wall, I have no where to go.

"I told you what would happen if you hurt Ukraine," Russia says in

a deep cold voice. I look at his hands. One is in a tight fight ready fist. The other.

The other is tightly holding a small knife.

Ho boy! I'm so sorry it took a while. Writers block decided to punch me in the face (kinda like what Russia's about to do)

Chapter 15: People I love (Finale)

Canada's POV

I started to freak out. "H-hey, w-we don't have to fight r-right now," I say, panic filling my voice.

"You first spill your *own* brothers biggest secret, then you have the *audacity* to hurt my sister. Я тоже должен сделать тебе больно," (I have to hurt you too) Russia said, his monotone voice scaring me enough. I didn't even understand what he said, but with his voice and the fact he's holding a knife, I can guess it's not good.

"Listen, I messed up, and I want to fix it. I can't do that if you kill me," I say. I look behind me, the wall is still there and I have no where to go. The closet door is behind Russia, I'm truly cornered. I've had fights before, but usually we have the same weapons and not to mention this is Russia. The biggest super power.

"Я говорил тебе что случится если ты причинишь боль моей сестре, но ты меня не послушал," (I told you what would happen if you hurt my sister, but you didn't listen to me) Russia said. His voice was so cold it sent shivers down my spine. He looked at me and I stared into his blue eyes. They were deep like the ocean and I could see a storm raging inside them.

Then, he rushed towards me. Out of instinct, I punched the air in front of me. I felt my fist contact something. I open my eyes and see Russia with his nose bleeding. I hear him growl like a bear and rush towards again. I punched the air again, but Instead I felt him grab my collar. He lifts me up and headbutt's me hard in the forehead. I stumble back and feel blood dripping from my head. My vision is blurry and I can't stay balanced on my feet. Russia punches me with the hand holding the knife. I feel blood drip from my cheek. I loose my balance and fall to the floor. I tried to get up, but something steps on my lungs. My vision is blurry. Who's stepping on me? Why

can't I breath? What is happening.....

The air whips around me. Water. I hear a splash and feel water surround me. Cold. Cold salty water fills my lungs. Void. I fall deeper into the void of the sea. Light. The light of the surface slowly fades from view. Fire. My lungs feel like fire. Breath. I need to breath. Pain. I breath in and pain filled my throat. Deserve. I deserve to die like this. Hurt. I hurt Ukraine. Ruined. I ruined my family. Trust. I killed the trust my brother had for me. Black. Everything is black. See. I can't see anything. Eyes. I close my eyes. Bubbles. Bubbles form as I take my last breath.

Death.

I hear a splash. I open my eyes to see. Ukraine? No. Purple flag. I don't know anybody with a purple flag. My vision is still blurry. Something wraps around my chest. Something tugging on me. The light of the sky is getting closer. I take a breath. I breath in the crisp air of the sky. I'm lifted from the water. The purple country has

black and brown wings. They're lifting me to a cliff that faces the ocean. I'm resting on the countries legs. I open my eyes and squint.

"N-native?" Her beautiful lavender face, and her white squares and Pixelated tree. Her brown and black wings wrap around my soaking body.

"Don't give up. You can fix it. Ukraine needs you. Your family needs you. *America* needs you," She says. Her soft voice and her soft smile.

"But what if I mess up more?"

"Get up again, and try again" Light fills my vision. Native disappears. The water disappears. The cliff disappears.

Russia's POV

"Ukraine, what are you doing?" I growl at my sister. Canada blacked out, then Ukraine stood in front of me.

"I can't see the people I love fight," she said, tears streaming down her beautiful face.

"But he hurt you. Not to mention he hurt his entire family," I say. I look at Canada. He's still blacked out. Blood is coming from the cut on his cheek and from the gash on his head. I can't even see him breathing.

"And killing him would make that better?" Ukraine said. I thought about it and sighed.

"I..I guess not," I said. I hated it when my sister was right.

"Then drop the knife and leave," Ukraine said.

"But..but he hurt you," I growl, gripping my knife tighter.

"Didn't you hurt me once?" Ukraine said. My hand loosened and the

knife dropped.

"I...I didn't mean to hurt you.." I remember how much I hurt her. I left scars.

"Neither did Canada," Ukraine said walking closer to me.

"I..I" I can't think. My memories. I hurt her. I liked seeing her cry. I liked the sight of her blood. Ukraine hugged tight snapping me out of the memories. I hug back.

"Russia, I'm going to ask you to get in the car and wait there for a little bit," Ukraine said and I nodded. I walked away, leaving the building.

Canada's POV

My eyes slowly open. Ukraine is over me putting a wet rag to my head.

"U-Ukraine?" I ask. My voice is dry and raspy.

"Your awake. Uh here," Ukraine says and hands me a glass of water. I drink it. I remember I had a cut on my cheek. I touch my cheek and there's a bandage over it. Ukraine cleans my head wounds and bandages it too.

"Thank you," I say and Ukraine smiles. Ukraine helps me sit up. I'm sitting on a couch in the main lobby.

"I-I thought I lost you," Ukraine says, a tear falling down her cheek. I hug her tightly.

"You could never loose me. I just hope I haven't lost you," I say. Ukraine holds me and looks at me.

"You couldn't loose me if you tried," Ukraine says and smiles. She leans in and kisses me softly. I kissed back. It was short and sweet. Ukraine stopped and looked me. I smile at her. My head hurts like hell, but I can't complain. An angel is standing in front of me.

"Mon érable, what happened?" (My maple) France walks up to me.

"Nothing, I'm alright," I say.

"Well, I've packed for you and we're ready to go to the airport," France says.

"Alright," I look at Ukraine and smile.

"Lets...Lets go to Paris"

Fin.

OH MY GOD

It's done! Thank you so much for supporting this book.

But wait! before you trash this to your archive! I have one more thing to post.